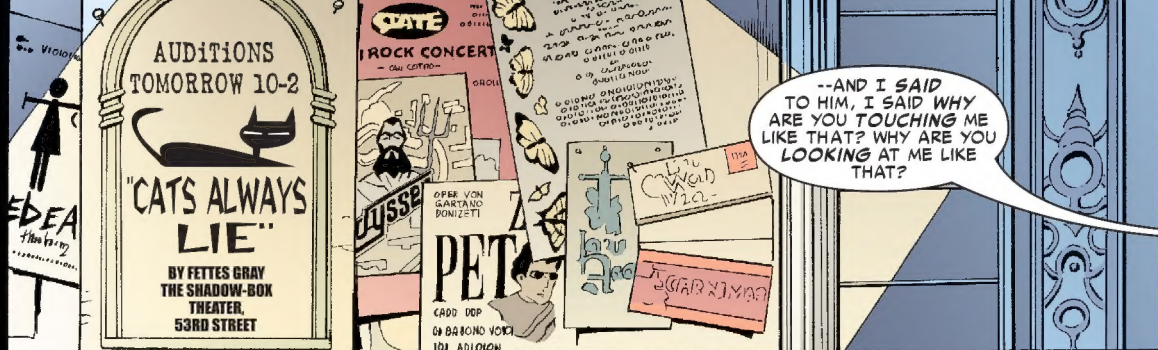


MARVEL
PSR 509

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

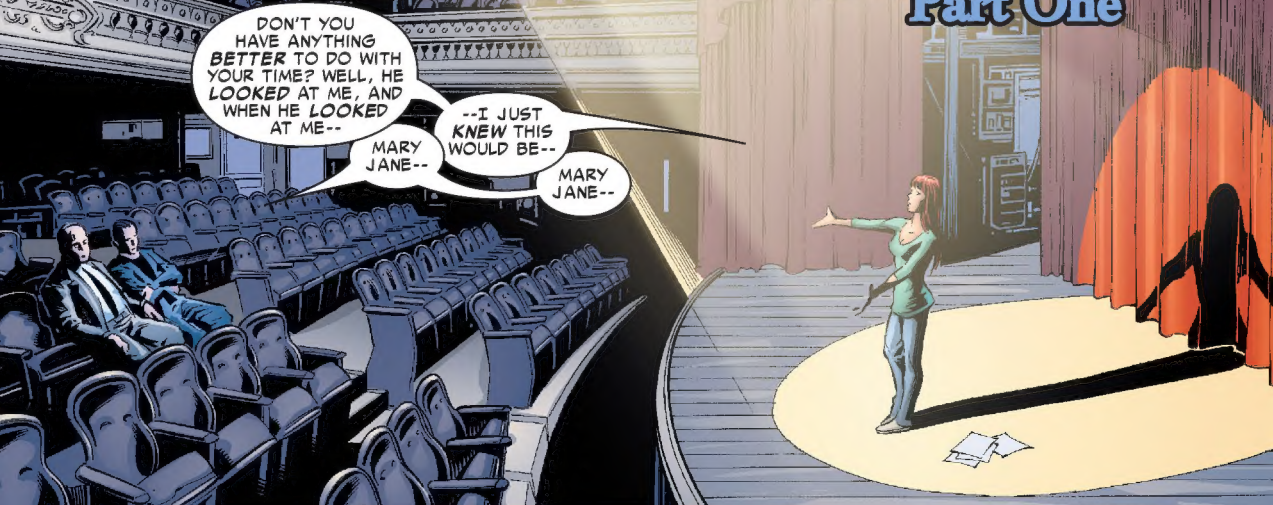
**SINS
PAST
PART ONE**

**STRACZYNSKI
DEODATO JR
PIMENTEL**



Sins Past

Part One



J. Michael Straczynski
writer

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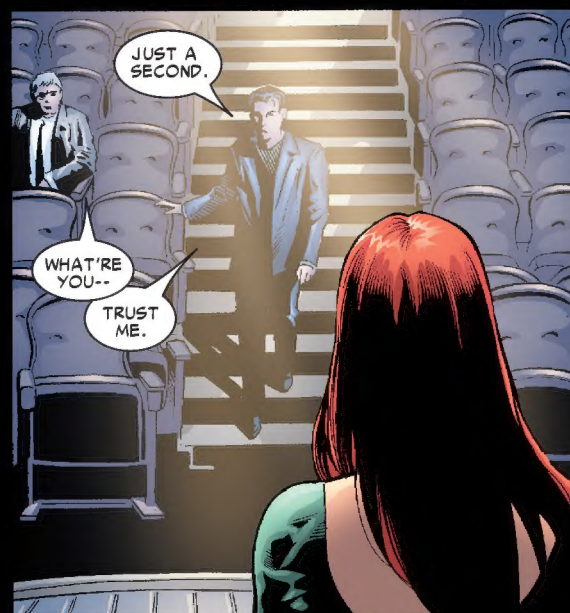
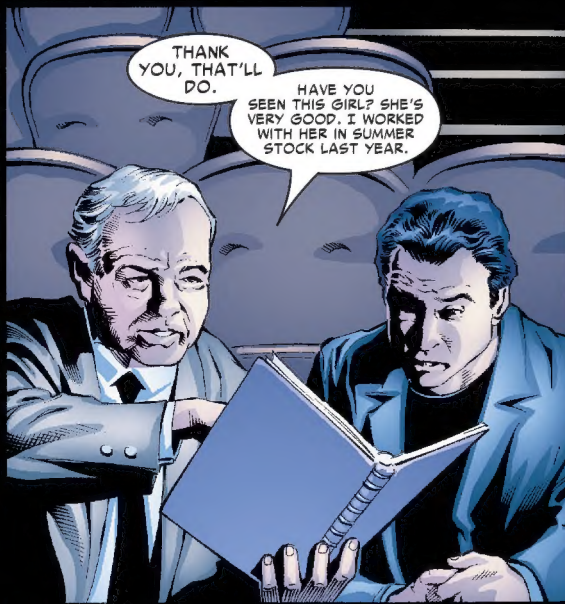
Warren Simons
assistant editor

Axel Alonso
editor

Joe Quesada
chief

Dan Buckley
publisher













--but I find my eyes just kind of leak, you know? For hours, just on and off.

--AND HE KEEPS SAYING, "STOP ACTING!" AND I THOUGHT, BOY, DON'T I HEAR ENOUGH OF THAT.

She's everything to me.



BUT HE WAS RIGHT, HE WAS SO RIGHT.

OH, THAT'S THE MAIL...I'LL JUST BE A MOMENT.

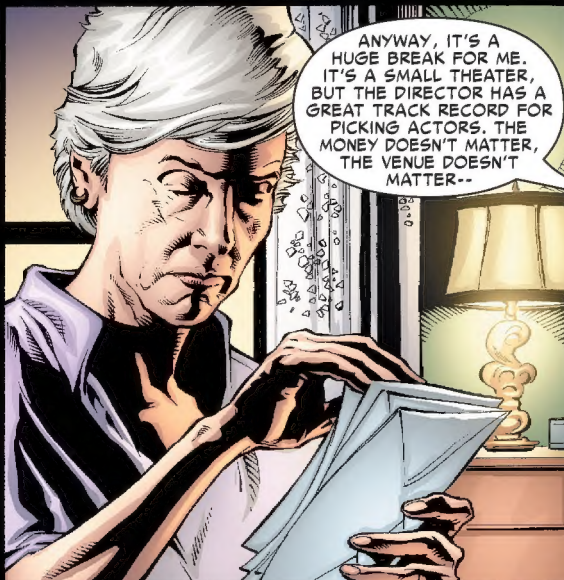


ONCE I GOT IT, I MEAN REALLY GOT IT, IT JUST SEEMED SO SIMPLE. I JUST HAD TO LEARN TO GET OUT OF MY OWN WAY, I--

ARE YOU OKAY, PETER?

YEAH...JUST, Y'KNOW...LOTS OF POLLEN IN THE AIR TODAY. GO ON.

Everything.



ANYWAY, IT'S A HUGE BREAK FOR ME. IT'S A SMALL THEATER, BUT THE DIRECTOR HAS A GREAT TRACK RECORD FOR PICKING ACTORS. THE MONEY DOESN'T MATTER, THE VENUE DOESN'T MATTER--



--WHAT MATTERS IS THAT IT'S A TREMENDOUS VALIDATION. I CAN LEARN SO MUCH FROM THIS.

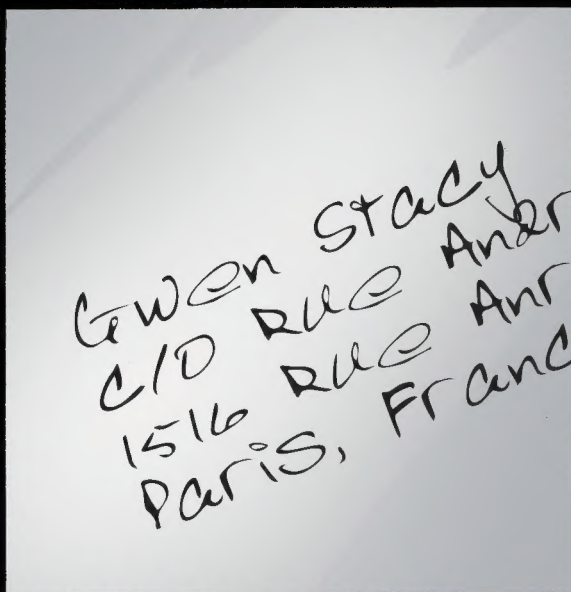
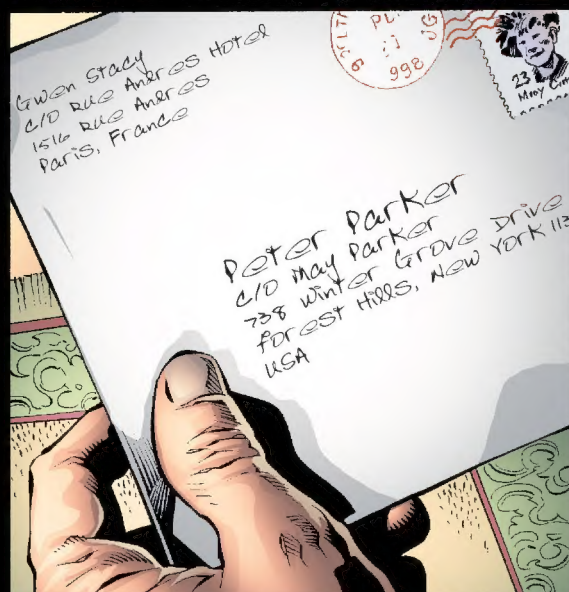
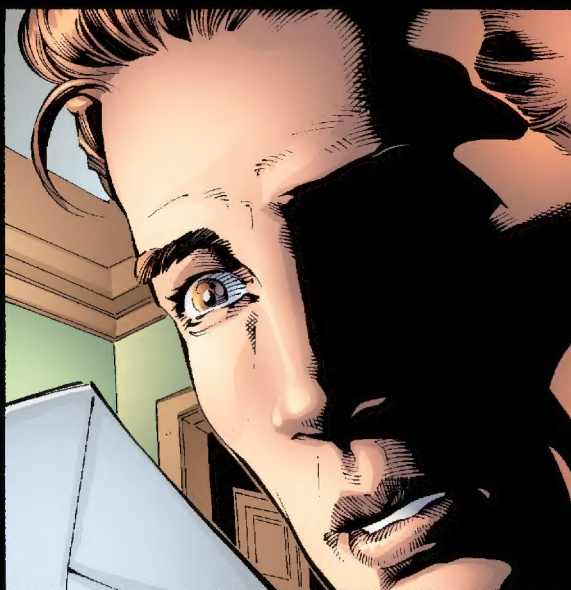
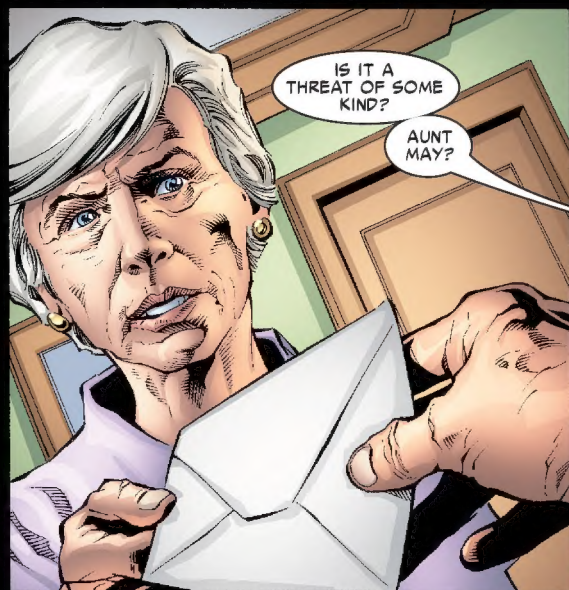
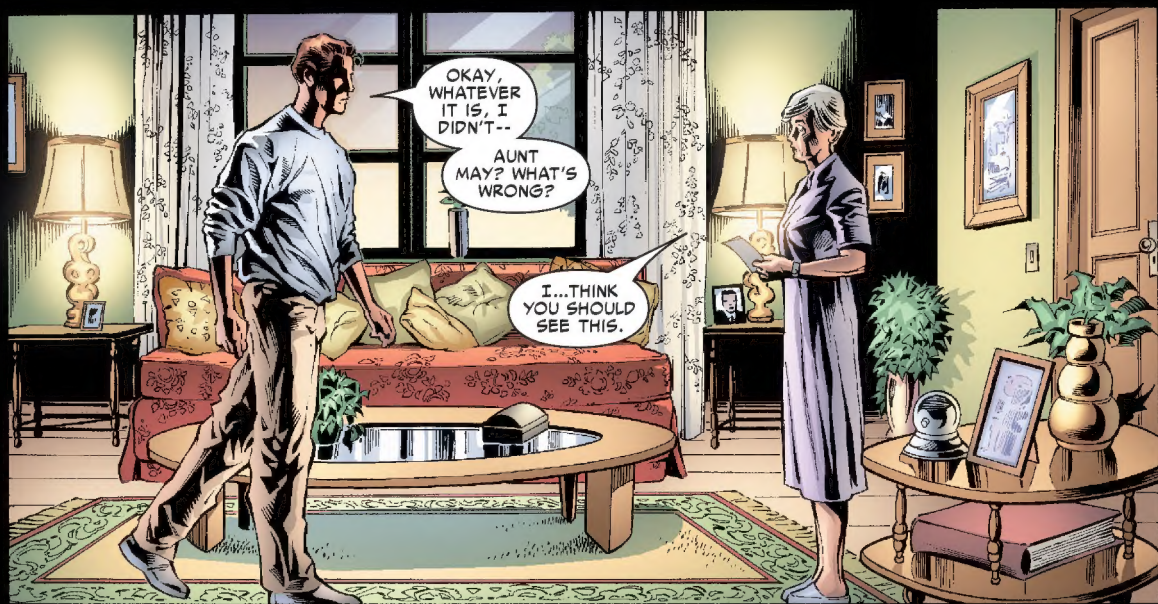
...PETER...?



PETER... COULD YOU COME HERE FOR A MOMENT?

SURE THING, AUNT MAY.

PROBABLY ANOTHER SPIDER IN THE BUNDLE OF COUPONS. I'M PRETTY SURE SHE THINKS IT'S MY FAULT SOMEHOW.





My hands are shaking as I tear open the envelope. I'm almost afraid to look inside.

But I look anyway. I have to.



Dear Peter--

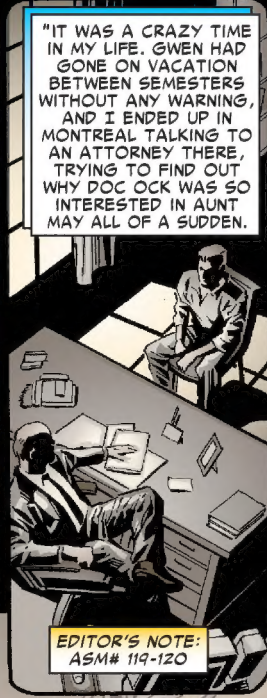
Dear Peter--

I know you were kind of surprised when I took off for Europe so suddenly four months ago, but I needed some time to think things over. I know, you're probably thinking, what things? Something's happened, Peter. Something I didn't expect. Something I didn't plan for. Something...

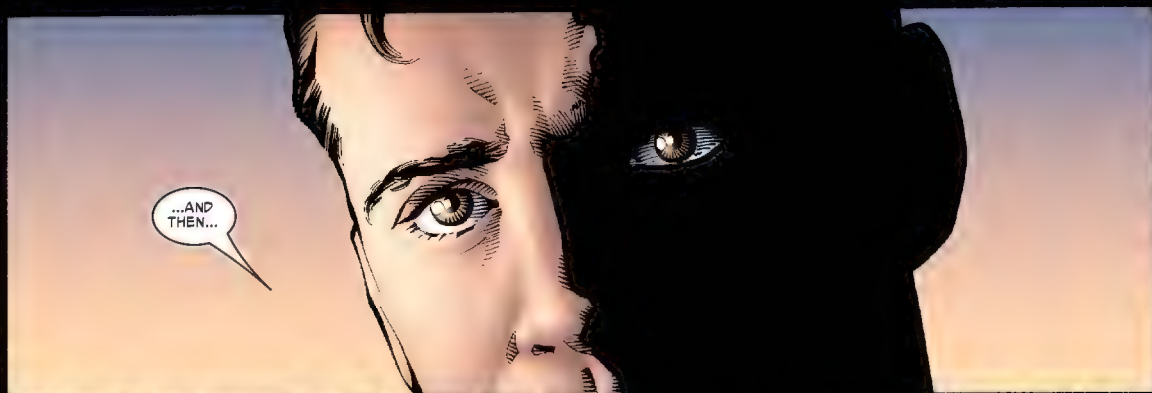
God, Peter. I didn't know what to do, how to tell you this. I'm so afraid that when I tell you, you'll hate me, never want to see me again. I've written this letter six times, but I never seem to find the right words. I tried to call you, but your aunt says you're in Canada for the next few weeks on a story for the Bugle and she doesn't have a number for you.

So I'm sending this to you in care of your aunt so you will be sure to get it when you come home, because if I know you, you'll go there first thing. You've always been so good to her, and to me.

for what I'm about to tell you, Peter, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.







IT'S JUST...
IT'S SO BIZARRE. I
MEAN, I'VE HEARD ABOUT
THE POST OFFICE FINDING
LOST LETTERS AND
DELIVERING THEM YEARS
LATER, BUT--

YEAH, SO
HAVE I. THERE'S
JUST A FEW SMALL
PROBLEMS.

PROBLEM
NUMBER ONE: SHE
NEVER WOULD HAVE
SENT JUST THAT ONE
PAGE. NOT EVEN BY
ACCIDENT.



"THERE WOULD HAVE
BEEN MORE. SHE
PROBABLY SAT UP
ALL NIGHT WRITING,
THE WAY SHE
SOMETIMES DID,
FINISHED THE
LETTER, ADDRESSED
THE ENVELOPE--

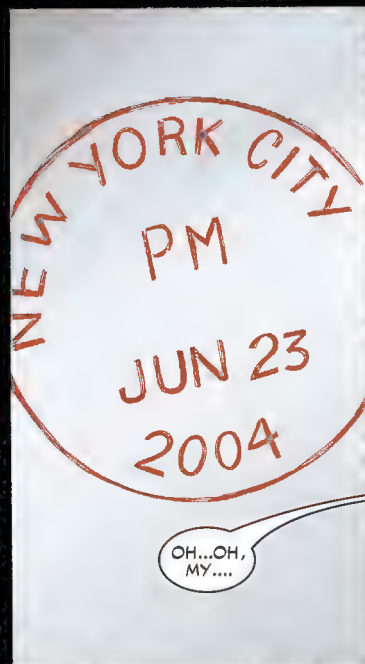


"--AND PUT IT AWAY
SOMEWHERE WHILE SHE
DECIDED WHETHER OR
NOT TO SEND IT."



PROBLEM NUMBER TWO: THE
STAMP ON THAT LETTER IS
CURRENT. AND PROBLEM NUMBER
THREE...IS WORSE THAN
PROBLEMS ONE AND
TWO.

TAKE A
LOOK AT THE
POSTMARK.



OH...OH,
MY...



SOMEONE IS MESSING WITH ME, MJ. NOT WITH SPIDER-MAN, BUT WITH ME.

BUT WHY? WHO'D WANT TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS?

I DON'T KNOW.



ALL I DO KNOW IS THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG WITH GWEN THAT I NEVER KNEW ABOUT...SOMETHING SO TERRIBLE SHE THOUGHT SHE COULD NEVER TELL ME...AND NOW, SOMEONE IS USING HER PAIN TO TRY AND GET TO ME.

AND I DON'T TAKE REAL WELL TO THAT.



AS SPIDER-MAN, THERE'S A LOT I HAVE TO SWALLOW, AND ACCEPT, AND DEAL WITH, BECAUSE THAT'S THE NATURE OF THE BEAST.

AN AWFUL LOT.

AND AT THE END OF THE DAY, I HAVE TO LET IT GO, SO I CAN COME HOME TO YOU WHOLE AND AT LEAST A LITTLE SANE.

BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS IN MY LIFE YOU JUST DON'T TOUCH IF YOU WANT TO WALK AWAY WITH YOUR SPINE INTACT.



YOU'RE ONE OF THEM, FIRST, FOREMOST AND FOREVER.



THIS...IS ANOTHER.



I hate this. Not just for me. But for M.J.



She had such wonderful news today, and then this had to happen.

They say you should never talk about old girlfriends in front of your wife. But how many times has Gwen's memory, her importance in my life, come up at us?

Any other woman would've told me to take a hike years ago.



But she's never complained. Not once. Maybe because she knew Gwen, and was also her friend.



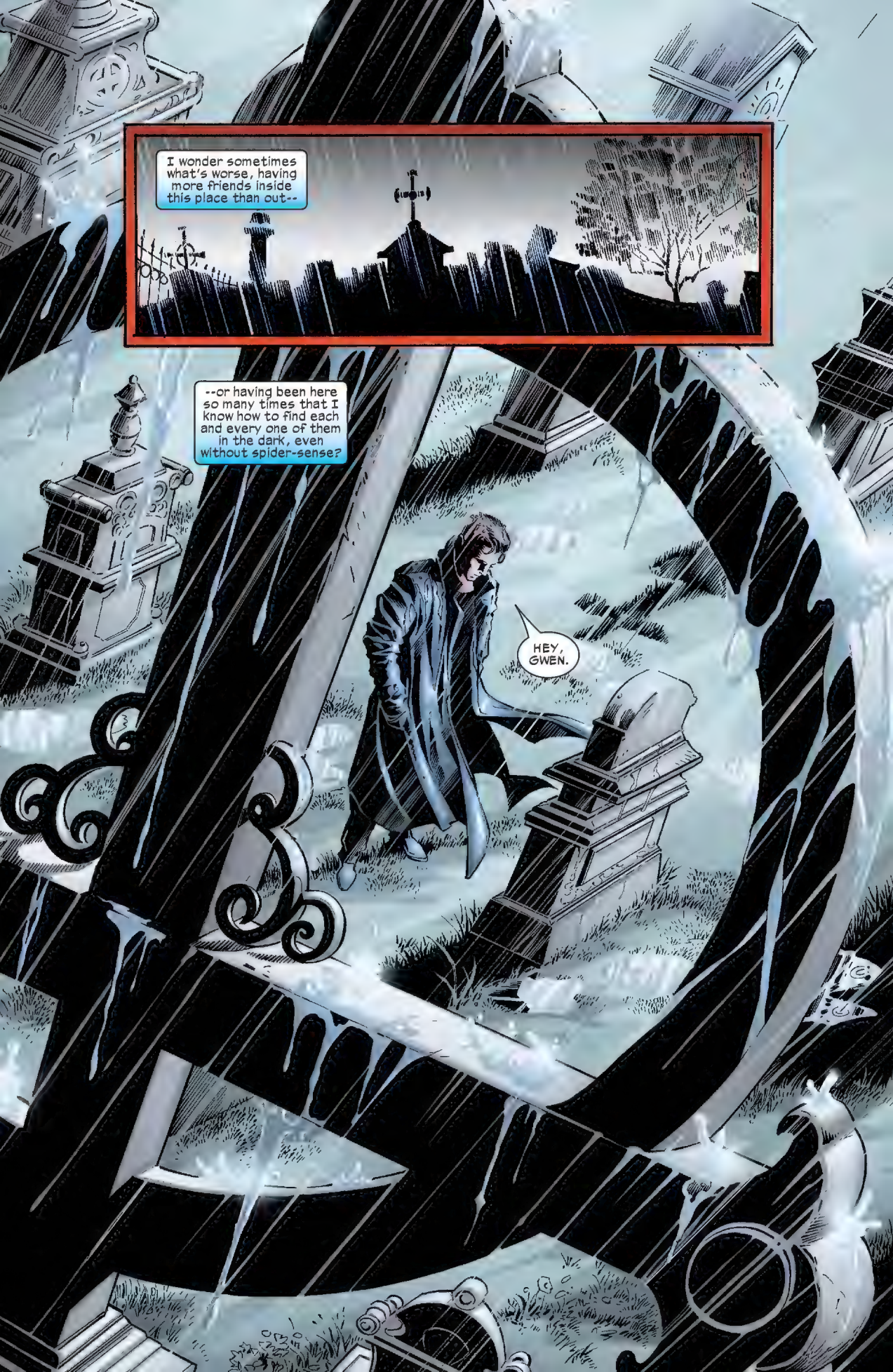
And maybe it's because she loves me.



I don't deserve her. But I try, every day, to make up for it.



Somehow, it's never enough.



I wonder sometimes
what's worse, having
more friends inside
this place than out--

--or having been here
so many times that I
know how to find each
and every one of them
in the dark, even
without spider-sense?

HEY,
GWEN.



I GOT
YOUR LETTER.
WELL, MOST OF
IT, ANYWAY.
I--

I JUST
DON'T GET IT, GWEN.
I MEAN, I THOUGHT WE
COULD TALK. I THOUGHT WE
COULD TALK ABOUT ANY-
THING AND EVERYTHING. BIG
STUFF, SMALL STUFF,
SILLY STUFF....



...WHAT COULD
BE SO TERRIBLE, SO
AWFUL, THAT YOU COULDN'T
JUST TALK TO ME ABOUT IT?
WHAT WAS SO BAD THAT YOU
HAD TO GO TO FRANCE,
OF ALL PLACES?

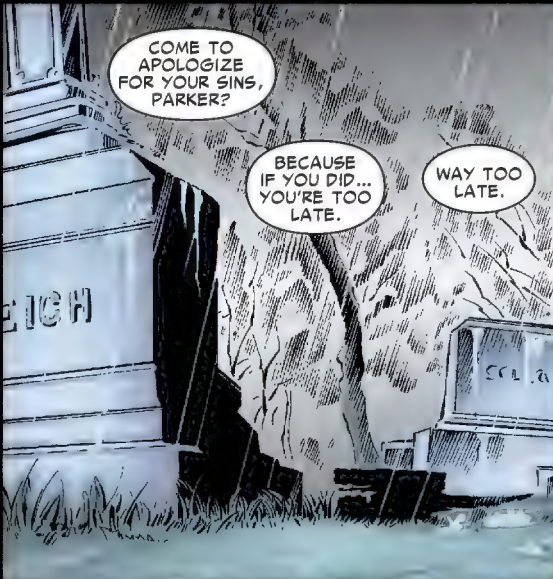
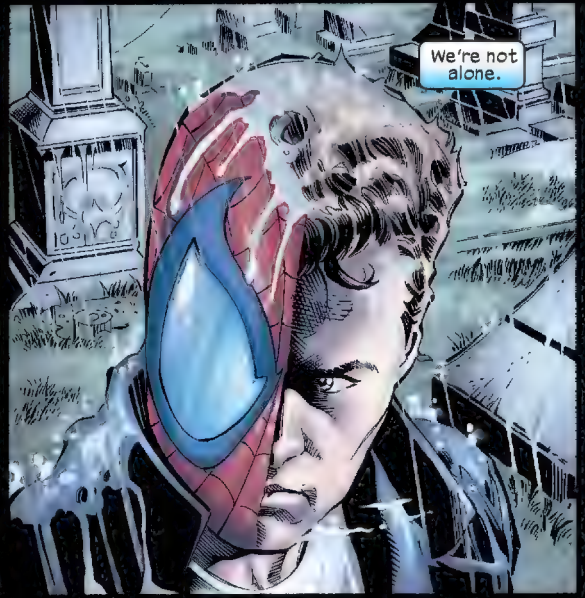
I MEAN,
OKAY, JERSEY
WOULD'VE BEEN
WORSE, BUT
STILL--



WHATEVER
IT WAS, I WOULD'VE
TAKEN CARE OF IT. I
WOULD'VE MADE IT GO
AWAY. WOULD'VE
MADE IT BETTER.

I
LOVED
YOU.

I WOULD'VE
DONE ANYTHING
FOR YOU.



His voice is coming from the east, but I can feel someone to the west. Thing is...the person to the west feels just like the person to the east.

HARD TO SAY... WHY DON'T YOU COME ON OUT WHERE I CAN SEE YOU, AND WE CAN FIND OUT TOGETHER?

So are there really two people out there, or just one, disguising his presence?



SUIT YOURSELF!

I feel movement... muscles tightening, the rush of air behind me...can't let on, though...whoever it is, they know who I am, and if I do anything that can connect Peter to Spider-Man, that would be bad--

--just have to take it while I figure out what to--

WHUFFF!





He's fast...
real fast--



HOW DOES IT FEEL,
HUH? HOW DOES IT
FEEL TO KNOW YOU'RE
ALONE AND NOBODY'S
GOING TO HELP
YOU? HUH?



HOW DOES
IT FEEL KNOWING
YOU'RE GOING TO
DIE ALONE?

--not just fast, strong--
too strong for me to take
this for very long--



Secret identity or not...
if I don't fight back hard,
he's going to kill me.

DON'T
KNOW...AND
I DON'T FEEL
LIKE FINDING
OUT.





Movement--
behind--

UNGH!

YOU'VE
DRAWN FIRST
BLOOD. GOOD
WORK.

LET'S
FINISH IT.



They move like one...
fast and strong and
deadly.



Without my
webbing...nothing
to jump onto...it's
hand to hand.

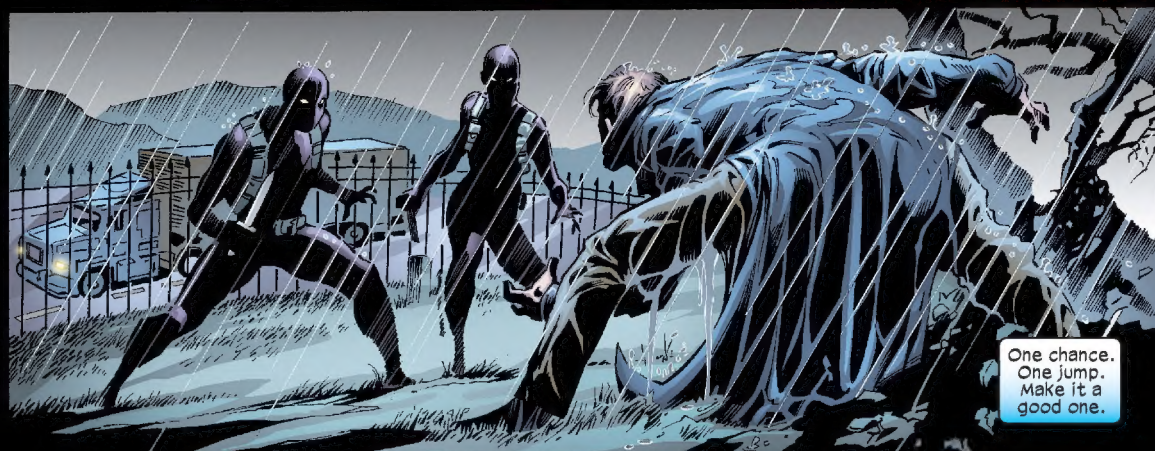


Two of them, one of me,
it's only a matter of time
before one of
them gets lucky and--



AAAAGGGHHH...

That's it...got
to get the hell
out of here,
regroup--



One chance.
One jump.
Make it a
good one.



Made it!



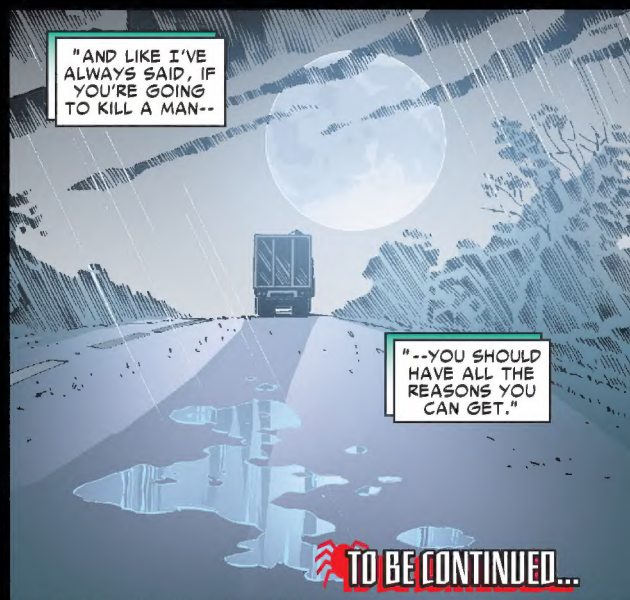
Just hope it was dark enough that they didn't catch what happened...

DID YOU SEE?

YES, IT EXPLAINS A LOT, DOESN'T IT?



YEAH...YEAH, IT DOES. BUT AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, IT JUST GIVES US ONE MORE REASON TO KILL HIM.



"AND LIKE I'VE ALWAYS SAID, IF YOU'RE GOING TO KILL A MAN--"

"--YOU SHOULD HAVE ALL THE REASONS YOU CAN GET."

TO BE CONTINUED...